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The Sun.

WILLIAM M. LAFFAN.

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This Sun, New York City.

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If my friends who favor us with manuscripts
for publication wish to have their articles returned, they
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Neither of them, however, has aroused in the American any love for this form of entertainment. Year after year German and Welsh festivals of song, with spirited struggles for prizes, go on, but the great general public takes no heed of them and makes no attempt to imitate them. The American treats industriously in the path of the Briton, and forms choruses only for the production of oratorios and the giving of huge music festivals, in which, after all is said and done, expensive imported soloists are the real attraction. Such an organization as the *Liederkrantz* or the *Arion*

kind has had to face, and they are growing steadily in gravity and complexity. The immigration which is now coming to this port in larger volume than at any past period is almost wholly from countries alien to us in speech—from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia.

In 1900, of the population of foreign stock the Germans were most numerous, 787,935, but of other races not speaking our language there were a million. Since the census of 1900, the population of that other foreign stock has increased in a far greater ratio than the German. It is estimated that now there are 900,000

and the HARGISES by a whiffing controversy of lawyers. JETT's mother and Miss EVELINE HARGIS are the only representatives of the Hargis family in the court room. They look as impassive as a gravestone. Yet they are capable of every loyalty, of every sacrifice in behalf of their clan. There is something savage in this habitual unperturbable calm of the mountaineers, who are capable of flaming into a homicidal madness as deadly as a Baresark's or a Malay's. Savage, too, is their want of curiosity or affecta-

Shamrock III., if we are to believe the meers of Aquahongua, is doomed to defeat. The unlucky corner has already been selected for her. That corner is of Tompkinsville, where Shamrock I. was anchored. Now, every yacht that came in quest of the America's Cup and anchored there was defeated, from the time of the Genesee, the boat which made the noblest battle for it in half a century.

There are many rings set up for pugilistic honors there and one in New Orleans with an unlucky corner, and the man who won that corner in the town was sure to be

improvements. I believe scientific persons of an archeological turn of mind have discovered that the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Mexicans, etc., adopted similar measures. Where does the fun come in? Is Uncle Sam up to date in forestry and irrigation? MADRAS.

NEW YORK, June 17.

The Growers' Lament.

The crop is poor.
Can we endure
Our sorry lot!
The fruit is small,
There's none at all,
To put on top.

JAMES A. STAPLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: If you have any sympathy for the grower put the above in.

Oh, where's the good old summer time
With all its heated sighs
Of street and shop,
And at the top
Roof gardens were delights?

Oh, where's the good old summer time
When fans had work to do,
And starch wings
Of summer things
Were melted p d q?

Oh, where's the good old summer time
This summer time is not.
Please give us one
Right off the sun,
And have it good and hot.

the weather station of the earth, and again this month (May) has gone several notches higher on the meteorological scale.

On May 14, 1902, the wind at Point Reyes attained a velocity of fifty miles an hour, and the great violence was rushing along at the furious rate of 120 miles per hour. A fearful gale lasted for three whole days, and at one time the winds in a playful mood tipped the cups from the anemometer. The wind then again subsided, but was again commenced to blow again with the greatest violence. For four days the velocity registered averaged more than sixty miles an hour. For nine days the average velocity was fifty-two miles an hour. The total number of miles recorded on the anemometer was 11,228 miles.

This is the highest velocity of wind for the time